

A Warning for Maides:

Or the false dissembling, cogging,
 Cunning, cozening young Man,
 Who long did try and use his skill,
 To woo a coy young Maid to his will
 And when he had obtain'd her love,
 To her he very false did prove.
 To a dainty new tune, called, *No, no, not I.*

103.



All in a May morning in the merry month of May And if that all Maides should be of your mind,
 into the green Meddowes I did take my way, then what would o? should become of us mankind?
 There I heard a young Man to his Love make reply, Sweet let you and I now try our destiny,
 But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I. But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I.

Sweet heart quoth this young Man, my love is intire, Pray what is the reason? I am young and faire,
 my heart is inflamed with Cupids hot fire, besides you doe knowe I am my fathers heire:
 Your love I intreat, why should you deny? Sweet let me intreat your love and courtesie,
 But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I. But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I.

Sweet 'tis thy love that I doe so much crave, For vaulting o? leaping, o? such exercises,
 and I will maintain you still gallant and brave, for dancing o? skipping I still win the prizes,
 Faire Mistrisse, for your love I certain shall die, Come grant me thy favour my pretty pignie,
 Quoth she, away foolish man, I care not I. But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I.

Will you seek to wrong a Man in such a case? I am in all parts most compleat like a man,
 if I die for love, it will be your disgrace, and I can doe as much as any can:
 I hope you will pardon me some other reply, When pretty sweet heart doe not my love deny,
 But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I. Now she answered him kindly, sweet Love not I.

Sweet, have you no more regard of a young man? If gold will content thee, why gold thou shalt have,
 I will strive to doe thee all the good I can, or any thing else that thou canst wish o? crave:
 Methinks you should pardon unto me by and by, 'Tis onely on thy love that I doe rely,
 But she answered him scornfully, no, no not I. Now she had forgot to say, no, no not I.

W. B. 26.

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The second Part,

To the same tune.



I Le be thy maintainer, thou shalt know no want,
then let no disparagement my sweet heart daunt :
Thou shalt be my Bride, and Ile love thee truly.
This Maid had forgot to say, no, no not I.

With sweet salutations these Lovers did part,
he call'd her his joy, and she call'd him sweet heart,
Yet after this young Man his Love did deny,
As I will declare unto you, by and by.

In little space after she met with her Deare,
desiring of him some farther newes to heare :
She wished him to marry her immediately,
But he answered her scornfully, no, no not I.

Sweet Love, ne'e deny me, thou knowst I am thine,
and thou oft did'st promise that thou wouldst be mine:
Now thy bitter answer makes me mourn and cry,
To heare thee say unto me, no, no not I.

Faire Epistresse, remember, when I sued to you,
you made a scosse at me, and from me you flew :
Now Ile give you leave to sigh, sob, and cry,
Though you are dispos'd to wed, so am not I.

When first I came to thee, to aske thy good will,
thou mad'st a scorne of me, now I am as ill,
I will not be tide for to wed by and by :
Though you are dispos'd to wed, so am not I.

Sweth the, will yett prove so perfur'd unto me ?
I am sorry that ere I consented to thee :
Let no Maid trust young men, for they'l falsifie :
Canst thou answer scornfully, no, no not I ?

Farewell thou false young man, farewell and adue,
the like said this wanton youth, farewell to you.
Now I doe see Maidens can love men truly :
But I never meane to wed, no, no not I.

Was ever poore Maiden in such a like case,
to yeeld to undoing, and such soule disgrace ?
I might have been wise, and still made this reply :
I will never yeeld to thee, no, no not I.

Ile never trust false young man for his sake,
I had warning befoze, yet no warning could take :
These young men will promise and present deny,
Ile never trust false tongue more, no, no not I.

Now shall I be mocked of other young Maids,
they'l scoute me, and say, see how her colour fades :
She is sick for love, and forsooth they'l cry :
Her Love now hath left her, and her doth deny.

But I with all them that laugh me to scorne,
hereafter beware, and escape the like harm :
For young men are cunning, and full of policy :
But Ile never trust them more, no, no not I.

I am not the first that hath so been deceived,
yet of a great number ne're was one more grieved.
But now alas I can find no remedy :
Ile ne're trust false young man more, no, no not I.

R. Clinsall.

FINIS.

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